



No One Knows

— What Confession did we speak of? —

be with you seams
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LEFT
AH, RIGHT!
A LITTLE
MORE
RIGHT

DON'T
YOU TELL
LEFT
BOTH
RIGHT

YOU
SPOKE

OH MY!
HOW'D
YOU GET
THIS BLANK?
ON YOUR
HEAD?

OH...

OH...

Why am I
"Qin-qan"...

BACK FROM
SCHOOL,
SU-CHAN?
HOW WAS
IT FOR
IT FIRST?

HELLO,
YIN
DONG-
SAY

HELLO,
CHIN
SOP-
SAY

IT'D REALLY
APPROPRIATE IF
I YOUNG WIFE
HAD A HAND
HERE INSTEAD
OF GROOMING
ME AROUND...

OH

WHAT
ARE
YOU
POWING?





YOU SEEMED
SERIOUS
ABOUT
THE FILM
LAST TIME,
DIDN'T YOU?

WELL...



HOLD ON!
WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY
BE MORE
IMPORTANT
THAN THIS?



I JUST
REMEMBERED
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT,
SO I'M
OFF!



YOU SURE
HAVE FINE
TASTE, FALLING
HEAD OVER HEELS
FOR MEN LIKE
HER WHO HAVE
BIG BREASTS, BUT
NO BRAINS!



WHAT?
WHEN?
YOU FILTY
LIAR!

THE ONLY
PERSON
WHO WAS
FLYING
IS YOU!

OH, BUT
COME TO
REALIZE
OF IT...

NO, YOU'RE
WRONG!



AREN'T YOU
JUST GOING
TO GO FLY
WITH THE
ACTRESS?

LIKE
YOU'RE
ONE TO
TALK, YOU
WERE
WHINING
AT THE
ACTRESS!



BAM!



YOUR
CHEST IS
COMPLETELY
BURNED
THRU
RIGHT!



UNCLE, YAN-CHEN-CHAN IS ANGRY.

LET HER BE.



WHAT DOES IT SAY?

I HAVEN'T A CLUE.



LOOK, IT'S ALL BROKEN HERE.



HUH... I TOTALLY DIDN'T NOTICE.

THERE WAS SOMETHING SO OLD HERE.

THE CHARACTER IS "YAN" FOR "SPEAK" RIGHT?



NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THIS.

CLUEING BY ITS BROKEN STATE, WE CAN'T TELL WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN EITHER, SO IT MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY VALUE TO US AT ALL...



MOM, I
DON'T WANT
TO SLEEP BY
MYSELF

DO YOU
HAVE TO
GO?



THEY'RE
FILMING A
NIGHT SCENE
AT THE
BAMBOO-
HULBERRY
GARDEN.

SO MOM HAS
TO GO
SUPERVISE
THEM



THEY'RE
FILMING
A MOVIE?



I see

YAN-
ONDE-SAN
SAID SO.
TELL ME
THE STORY
PLEASE."

OK?"

IS IT A
MOVIE
ABOUT THE
HEROIC
SPRIT?"



As the days
went by,

In the garden of his
house was a fabulous
tree that was blooming
with beautiful flowers.

Long, long ago...
There was a poet who
traveled here from
the capital after
being appointed the
prefecture official
of this area.

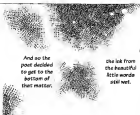


Strange things
began to happen
around the poet.

An unfinished
poem from the
night before would
be completed by the
time he woke up.

And so the
poet decided
to get to the
bottom of
that matter.

One ink from
the beautiful
little words
still wet.





THIS STORY
IS A LITTLE
DIFFERENT.

I KNOW! IT'S
"THE GRAVE'S
REQUIEM OF
A FAVOUR",
RIGHT?

However, the
poet did not
want to go
anywhere else.

One night,
the poet
saw in the
moonlight a
bibulous spirit
reflected in
the water
before him.

One night,
the poet,
who was
pretending
to have fallen
asleep beside
a well,

The next day,
the poet received
good news from the
capital— news that he
could return to the
capital and have his
post in the palace
restored.



AND ALL
THAT WAS
LEFT FOR HIM
WAS A SINGLE
"REQUIT".

THOUGH HE
HAD FALLEN IN
LOVE WITH THE
BEAUTIFUL
SPIRIT UPON
FIRST SIGHT,
THE FAIRY
NEVER
APPEARED
AGAIN IN HIS
LIFETIME.

AFTER
THAT...

POOR
THING...

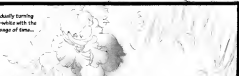
Crimson red petals...

THE POET
WAS KILLED BY
AN ASSASSIN SENT
BY A SERVANT.
AT THAT TIME,
THE ABANDONED
GARDEN WAS FULL
OF KIWISOLE TREES,
AND THEY ALL
BLOOMED WITH
EXTRAORDINARILY
BRIGHT COLOURS.

FROM THEN
ON, PEOPLE
STARTED
CALLING THE
BAMBOO-
ALLEYWAY
GARDEN THE
"CRIMSON
GARDEN".



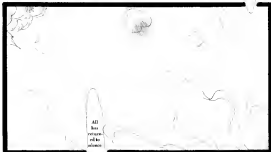
*Gradually turning
snowwhite with the
passage of time...*

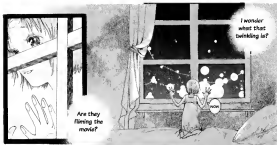


*There is no other
garden in the world.*

*With more blossoms in
full bloom than this one.*







I wonder
what that
twinkling is?

Are they
filming the
movie?



It's a
good
idea.



Crash



Mom's
not around,
so it's okay,
right?





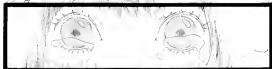


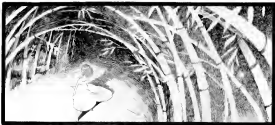
I'll ask my
mom to get
the pretty
once-son's
autograph
later!



It looks
pretty
likely...







But...



I can't take my eyes
away from her.

YOU MUST
BE THE
RESCUOUS
SPRITE,
RIGHT?

It's like how
a moth flies
towards a
flame...

I
KIND OF
UNDER-
STAND
A BIT
NOW...

Why are they
so obsessed
about such
luxury, if they
are so fragile
that they
cannot behold
the sight
of it?

Humans...

And why
do they
grow up
so so
quickly?

But the
one who
is the final
very well be
myself!

*I deeply loved
those eyes that
gazed at me*

FROM
THOUGH IT
HAD ONLY
ONCE,
BEING ABLE
TO MEET
YOU IS THE
GREATEST
BUT FROM
THE
HEAVENS...

I
UNDER-
STAND

Why
Why did you gaze up
so quickly?

I CANNOT
ASK FOR
MORE





Today
I see the
truth,

and
never
wish to
speak
again.



*Have completely
faded and vanished
with the passing of
the centuries...*

*The things
I wanted to
speak of...*





It smells nice...



Was it just a dream?

When I woke up,
my eyes were
hurting a lot.



TODAY'S
SATURDAY

DIDN'T YOU
HAVE SCHOOL
TODAY?

YES
BUT



TODAY'S
SATURDAY



TODAY'S
SATURDAY

BUT
REALLY? IN
THAT CASE,
WOULDN'T
IT BE...



IT SAYS
"THE
SECLUDED
BAMBOO-
MASSIVE
GARDEN, ALL
REFERS TO
SILENCE."

"TODAY
I SEE THE
TRUTH,
AND NEVER
WISH TO
SPEAK
AGAIN"

THE AUTHENTIC
PENMANSHIP
OF SMUG BOY!



OKAY... OKAY,
WHATEVER
YOU SAY

LIFE I
SAID

OR REALLY?
SO HOW
WAS IT?
PRETTY DID
YOU GET AN
AUTOGRAPH?

THEY
WERE
FLOORED
SMILES

HOW? THOSE
ACTRESSSES
SURE ARE
LEARNED.

YU-CHEN,
YOU'RE
AMAZING! BUT
HOW'D YOU
READ IT?

THE
HEROIC
SPIRIT
TOLD ME



I almost
forgot
something
important...



I'M OFF
TO CHASE
THESE
YANG-SAN,
SO RELY ON
YOURSELF
IN THE
MEANWHILE

I know it, I
couldn't get him
so understood...





IT WAS
NOTHING,
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
PAY ME
BACK.



...WHAT'S
THIS?



IS THIS
OKAY?
THERE'S A
LOT OF SUN
SHINING
DOWN HERE.



A
SILVER
BELL?

So cute...



WHEN DID
YOU BECOME
INTERESTED
IN GARDEN-
ING?



DAD!



IS IT
REALLY
OKAY?

FOR ME
TO KEEP
SOME-
THING
LIKE
THIS?

YOU'RE
WAXING
MORE AND
MORE LIKE
MOM...

WHEN
WAS THE
LAST
TIME YOU
BATHED,
DAD?

YU-CHAN,
UP WE GO—!!



I MISSED
YOU A
LOT, DAD.



OH! YOUR
EYES ARE
ALL RED.
DID SOME-
ONE BULLY
YOU?



IN THE SHORT
TIME I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU, YOU
SURE HAVE
GOTTEN PRETTY
CREEPY WITH
THE WAY YOU
TALK...

YOU
WOULDN'T
GET IT EVEN
IF I TOLD
YOU.

DUCKY HAS
SEXED FELLOWS
ABOUT THIS.



芙蓉

A long time ago, Linshi Town, also known as "Dragon Mark", was very prosperous as it was situated on a highway called Gapi Road and excelled in using the flow of the river for irrigation. Around that time, people began speaking of the myth of the hibiscus spirit.

In the childhood memories, there was a huge, old, withered banyan tree in a garden of the ancient buildings, and under it was an old-fashioned stone table and chair. It was a little lonely during autumn and winter, but... it was stunning when the flowers bloomed. One morning during the rainy season, I saw the dew-covered hibiscus flowers. The rain-kissed misty gray landscape was dotted here and there by seemingly dear, pale crimson hibiscus flowers, and even a 6-year old child could feel the "transience" of the scene and appreciate what it meant when used to praise feminine beauty.

But when I visited the place again once I was an adult, the garden had been redeveloped and had completely changed. Neither the hibiscus flowers, nor the stone table and chair were anywhere to be seen. I asked



many people about it but they only had dim recollections of it, so it's not clear whether that scene actually existed or not.

But I can clearly see it in my heart. The hibiscus flowers faintly blending into that misty landscape... and myself back then falling in love with the hibiscus spirit at first sight, haha.

The poet in the story is an actual person from the Tang Dynasty, Wang Chang Ling (penname Shao Bo). One of the people my grandfather was deeply interested in.